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NATIONAL CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW

*Ring out the old,
ring in the new*

no. 14?
____BENJAMIN L. MASSE S.J.

Catholic neglect of Russian studies

____PETER BEACH

Catholicism and the writer

____LEO L. WARD

EDITORIALS

Artificial Insemination

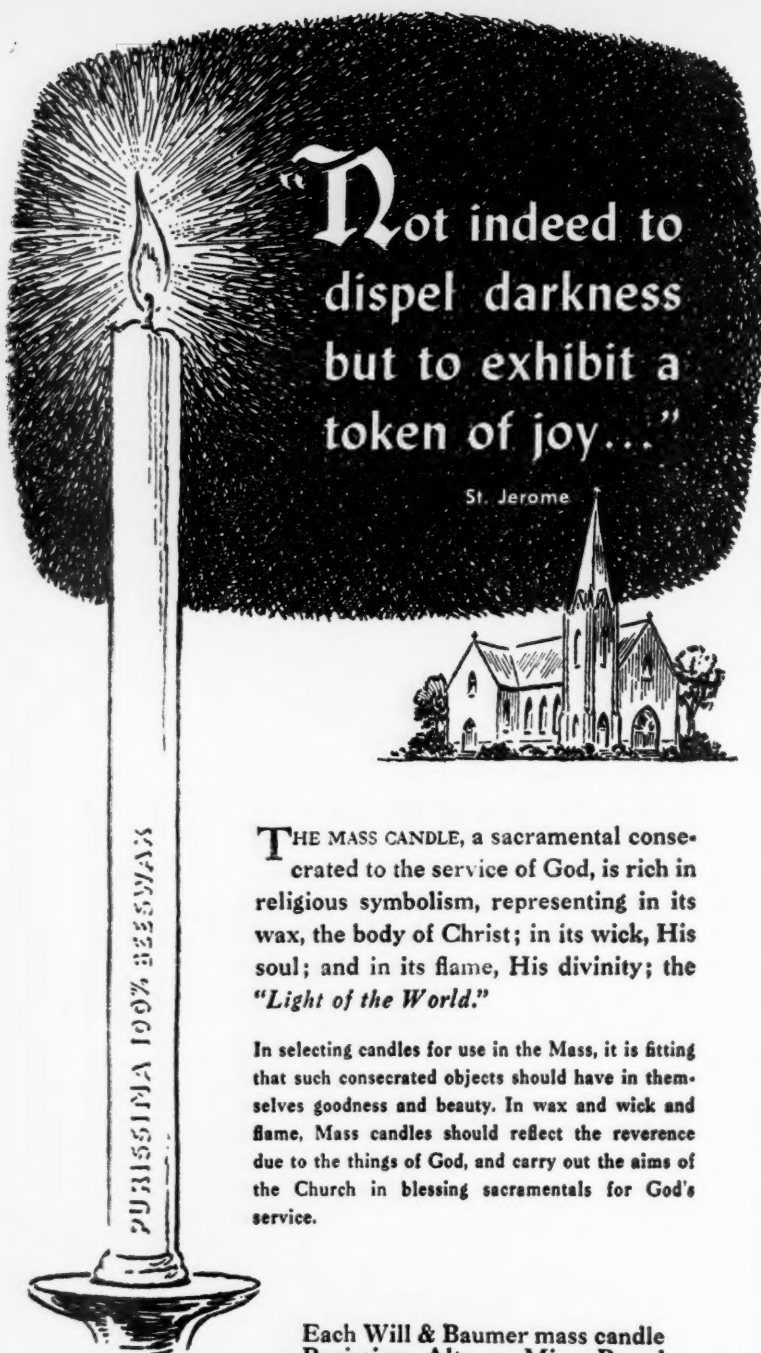
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Human resources in the cold war

Any war, whether hot or cold, is a contest between men. Though winning a modern war depends in no small part on access to such raw materials as oil, rubber and iron, the caliber of the men who plan and run the fighting and production machines is crucial. That is why there is such public concern over an alleged Soviet output of engineers higher than our own. The Dec. 20 report of the National Manpower Council, prepared by its research director, Dr. Eli Ginzberg, reflects this general concern over efficient use of human resources in the struggle against communism. The nuclear age, the report points out, needs great numbers of skilled technicians. Automatic machines and push-button factories require countless teams of highly trained maintenance men. Electricians may have to learn electronics; pipefitters may need to know hydraulics. The training of technical personnel is now carried on in vocational schools, in on-the-job and apprentice training in factories and in the armed forces. The essence of the council's recommendations was to find better candidates and give them better training. In many vocational schools the quality of instruction is poor. The proportion of misfits is too high. The report urged more vocational guidance and the tapping of a large reservoir of skills among those kept from adequate training by discrimination. Negroes, for example, comprised 9 per cent of the working force in 1950, but only 4 per cent of craftsmen and foremen. If discrimination at home contributed to our defeat abroad, that would indeed be poetic justice.

Who's afraid to study Russian?

Are students afraid to have the word "Russian" on their college transcripts? Is fear the reason why enrolment in college Russian language courses has dropped sharply since 1950? The *New York Times* raised these questions on Nov. 28, when Benjamin Fine reported that, despite a growing demand for specialists in Russian and other Slavic languages, enrolment is down 35 per cent from the crest of 1950. Russian is taught in 183 U. S. colleges, Polish in 22, Czech in eight. Columbia University mustered a total of 525 students of Slavic languages in 1950, 364 last year and only 211 this fall. Dr. Philip E. Mosely, director of Columbia's Russian Institute, says that some students fear that "an interest in the Russian language or in Russian studies would fall under the rubric of subversion." At Fordham University, Rev. Walter C. Jaskiewicz, S.J., director of the Institute of Contemporary Russian Studies, reports that the present enrolment of 67 students represents no appreciable decline. On Dec. 4 Fordham's institute played host to the New York Chapter of the American Association of Teachers of Slavic and East European Languages. In an address of welcome, Rev. Charles P. Loughran, S.J., chairman of the admissions committee for Fordham College, expressed doubts about the "fear psychosis" supposedly causing the decline in Slavic studies. Whatever fear there is, he said, is generated by newspaper writers

CURRENT COMMENT

and radio and TV commentators. "The American college student and professor are afraid of nothing," he said, "let alone a controversial idea." Teachers from Slavic departments of the colleges of greater New York agreed without exception that fear is not the reason for the empty benches.

U. S.-Philippine trade agreement

Any revision of trade relations between the United States and the Philippines will have such long-range effects on the Philippine economy that it is impossible to weigh fully the significance of the new pact signed in Washington Dec. 15. Nevertheless, this most recent agreement does get rid of most of the objectionable features of the Bell Trade Act of 1947. The clauses of that act, though designed ostensibly to stimulate Philippine economic development, also sought to protect mercantile and agricultural interests in the United States and hence had the effect of stifling economic initiative in the Philippines. While it continued preferential trade treatment accorded the pre-independence Philippines, it set quotas on the country's major exports to the United States. By stipulating that similar quotas could be placed on any products which might in the future come into competition with American goods, the Bell Act took away all urge for economic development. It also pegged the peso to the dollar, thus depriving the Philippines of control over its own currency. Under the new pact the Philippines will be able to place tariffs on American imports. The quota ceilings will be removed from certain of the country's exports to the United States. Moreover, the Philippines will now have autonomy over its own currency. Conversely, the United States will profit by the removal of a 17-per-cent tax on dollar exchange. Like the Philippines, the United States can now raise tariffs, though less rapidly. In short, both countries are now free to practise discrimination in trade. This balance-wheel may help to eliminate the friction occasioned by the one-sided features of the Bell Act.

Fordham Rams call it quits

Dec. 15, 1954 will go down in sports history as the day when Fordham University, after 63 years of inter-collegiate football, finally called it quits. The decision seemed inevitable. "Sleepy Jim" Crowley of Four Horsemen fame, building on the foundations laid by

Major Cavanaugh, raised Rose Hill teams to the top in the 1930's. By 1940-42, however, even with powerful elevens and attractive schedules, it was clear that Fordham football had seen its best days. The Rams were playing to 15,000-30,000 in the Polo Grounds, emerging from the red only when bowl bids came. Gone were the Yankee Stadium throngs of 78,000 watching the annual gridiron classic with N. Y. U. Despite valiant attempts to revive the sport after the war, the obstacles (lack of its own stadium, rising costs, competition from TV and pro football) proved insuperable. Rev. Laurence J. McGinley, S.J., Fordham's president, in his Dec. 15 letter to alumni, students, faculty and friends, spelled out the situation regretfully, convincingly, without a syllable of recrimination. . . . Of the 27 American Jesuit colleges and universities, only 7 now field football teams: Boston College, Holy Cross and Scranton in the East; and John Carroll, Marquette, Detroit and Xavier in the Midwest. No Jesuit college or university west of the Mississippi any longer plays football. In contrast to pre-war complaints, the reason for the spate of post-war abandonments has been almost entirely financial. Rev. Celestin J. Steiner, S.J., president of U. of D. (which has its own somewhat small stadium), has announced his determination to produce a big-time winner. "De-emphasis" of football has about reached its limit in Jesuit colleges.

Behind the strikes at Joppa

The conviction on Dec. 7 of two labor leaders for extortion brought to an end the strike story at the Atomic Energy Commission's power installation at Joppa, Ill. Tried in Federal court in East St. Louis, Evan R. Dale and James Bateman, local officials at AFL building-trades unions, were found guilty of trying to extort more than a million dollars from Ebasco Services, the firm commissioned to build the installation. Witnesses testified that Dale indirectly conveyed to Ebasco that in Southern Illinois the "customary" price for labor peace was one per cent of the contract price for the project. When Ebasco made no payoffs, a series of work stoppages began which ran off and on for two years. According to evidence at the trial, the time lost through these strikes amounted to 97 work-days. What the cost was in terms of national se-

curity cannot be estimated. In dollars and cents, the Atomic Energy Commission estimates that the strikes added \$58 million to the cost of the Joppa project. This is the sort of scandal which in the minds of many Americans justifies restrictive labor legislation like the "right to work" laws. Labor's fight against such laws, which this Review supports in principle, would have a much better chance of success if it took effective steps to prevent such characters as Dale and Bateman from masquerading as union leaders. We suggest that international officials of AFL building-trades unions could make a good start in this direction by inquiring to what extent the Southern Illinois "custom" of extortion—sometimes disguised as "gifts"—exists in other parts of the country.

Fur Workers join Butchers

No matter how the known facts are added up, they fail to explain the coming merger of the International Fur and Leather Workers with the AFL's Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butcher Workmen. Despite some ugly rumors, the Butchers are not thought to be tainted with communism, whereas the Fur Workers were expelled by the CIO as a Communist-dominated union. On Dec. 15, the AFL executive council flatly refused its blessing on the merger. Rejecting a plea by the Butchers for approval, it stated:

The proposed merger, with the Amalgamated taking in the Fur Workers lock, stock and barrel, including many well-known Communists in key positions of leadership, with merely the signing of a non-Communist affidavit, in no way meets the problem of Communist domination from the viewpoint of the AFL.

Professing to be nonplused by the AFL action, Patrick E. Gorman, secretary-treasurer of the Butchers, said that ample precautions had been taken to immunize the Communists in the Fur Workers. He announced that the merger would proceed according to schedule. What lies behind all this? In seeking a tie-up with the Butchers, are the Fur Workers following the new Communist coexistence line? Will Harry Bridges and the others soon be coming around hat in hand begging for admission? Have some of the unions ousted by the CIO disintegrated to the point where they must rejoin the mainstream of American labor or perish? Other questions come to mind, but these are enough to suggest that Mr. Gorman and his colleagues may have touched off a major controversy in the ranks of labor.

Bumper crops again

Reviewing reports of farm production for 1954, we were reminded of a remark made to us several weeks ago by a learned friend from a Midwest university. "Secretary Benson can impose all the acreage restrictions the law demands," he said, "but he will not successfully curb the industrious ingenuity of our farmers." Despite all sorts of restrictions on wheat, corn, cotton, peanuts and tobacco, U. S. farm output this

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year was the fifth largest on record. Farmers harvested 4.2 million fewer acres of principal crops than in 1953. Farmers grew 2.9 billion bushes of corn and nearly a billion bushels of wheat. That was less than ten per cent behind 1953 production. The tobacco crop, with the highest yield per acre in history, actually exceeded last year's figure. Furthermore, our farmers accomplished this in spite of serious drought conditions in the South and Southwest. With close to \$8 billion tied up in farm surpluses, the Department of Agriculture can be pardoned if it views the 1954 efforts of U. S. farmers with something akin to irritation. But such a reaction is strictly short-term. In the long view, against the background of a growing world population, the prodigious productivity of American farms is a great and wonderful blessing. Insurance if war comes, it can also be, if wisely managed, a powerful force for peace.

Women factory workers

The latest profile of women in factory life appears in a report from the Bureau of Labor Statistics in the *Monthly Labor Review* for November. The boom in factory employment between June, 1950 and June, 1953 added 900,000 women to the payrolls for a total of 4.7 million. While over-all factory employment rose by 18 per cent, the increase in women employes was almost 24 per cent. When the slump came in factory employment between June, 1953 and June, 1954, it hit women first and hardest, dropping 650,000 of them from the factory payrolls. The distribution of women workers remained pretty much the same as in recent years. About 1.6 million women were in the durable goods industries, mostly in electrical machinery, instruments and miscellaneous manufacturing, such as toys, costume jewelry and office supplies. In factories making non-durable goods, 2.5 million women were heavily concentrated in a few industries. In the apparel industry, for example, 75 per cent of the working force were women. In leather products, 50 per cent were women, mostly engaged in hand and machine sewing occupations. Only 24 per cent of the food-industry workers were women, largely in confectionery plants (where the ratio of women employes was 52 per cent) and in canneries (41 per cent). Thus many women were doing in factories what their grandmothers used to do at home. The Holy Father, with characteristic realism, told the working women of Italy, Aug. 15, 1945, that the employment of women in factories "is an accomplished fact, from which it is at present impossible to retreat." If women must work in factories, then our social objective must be to make this type of work as compatible as possible with whatever other duties women factory employes may have in the home.

American Carthusians at Sky Farm

Very few people have the special vocation to live the austere life of a Carthusian monk. There are, it is said, but three hundred Carthusians in the entire

world. Theirs is a life of solitude, silence, toil and prayer. Very many people, however, curious to know about the Carthusians, frequently inquire how their recent foundation in the United States is making out at Sky Farm, Whitingham, Vermont. The present prior of the Vermont house, Dom Richard Littledale, has happily decided to issue in their behalf an occasional newssheet. From its first issue we learn that the Sky Farm project is progressing, but under very great handicaps. At present they have three solemnly professed priests and two lay brothers at Sky Farm. Abroad, in Carthusian houses in France (the Grande Chartreuse), Switzerland and Italy, this new foundation has four choir monk novices in training, one simply professed monk and two lay brothers. The Sky Farm monks are still obliged to live in improvised quarters in widely scattered farmhouses, unconnected in any way with each other. The community element is still lacking. They look forward eagerly to the day when they shall have sufficient funds to build a permanent monastic structure. The monks support themselves in part by farming, having at their disposal a good herd of milking cows. They also market maple syrup. Additional plans for self-support are under consideration. Dom Richard refers to his project as a "mustard seed" foundation. Let us hope that it will grow into a sturdy tree, to give shelter to great and generous souls.

Communist decline in France

Though still strongly represented in the National Assembly, the French Communist party has been steadily losing membership. From the high-water mark of 809,030 attained in 1947, party rolls have diminished to an estimated 350,000 card-carrying Communists in France today. While this is still a large figure, the sharp loss in members reflects a deep crisis of confidence in the party within the working class. For the losses have been principally among the workers of the great industrial centers. In the Seine Department, for example, membership has dropped from its 1947 high of 105,000 to 59,000 in 1953. This industrialized region is supposedly a Red stronghold. During the 13th national party congress held in June at Ivry-sur-Seine, CP Secretary Marcel Servin decried the weakness of the party cells in the factories. He revealed that only about one-fourth (*i.e.*, about 90,000) of the party members belong to these cells. What this means, says Michel-P. Hamelet, writing in a series of five articles in *Figaro* (Dec. 7-11), is that the Communist party is more and more losing its predominantly working-class basis. He adds that, while the working-class foundation of the French Communists is crumbling, a sort of "dizziness" is seizing some members of the middle class, especially the intellectuals, who lean toward Communism because they think "the people" are there. The progressive alienation of the French working class from the Communist party gives the lie to those who contend that the party represents the "masses."

Awards to fired UN employes

It is galling that the eleven Americans who were summarily discharged from the United Nations secretariat, on account of their refusal to answer questions on possible Communist affiliations, will get an "indemnification" of \$179,420. The General Assembly's Dec. 17 resolution accepted the advisory opinion of the International Court of Justice, which last summer upheld the awards granted by the UN's Administrative Tribunal. These allotments were fought by the United States on the ground that the court's decision, like the tribunal's, was erroneous, unjust and outrageous. Several considerations dictated the eventual acquiescence in this resolution on the part of the United States. In the first place, this country could not afford to stand alone in rejecting the court's interpretation. Secondly, the free world has many times challenged the Communist governments to bring their own alleged grievances before the court, a move that Moscow has always shied away from. Such an effective argument would be destroyed by U. S. defiance of that court. In addition, this unfortunate episode will not be repeated, for in the future the General Assembly will be able to exercise judicial review over its tribunal's decisions. Finally, the money will not come out of any U. S.-appropriated funds but from other UN sources. Thus ends the episode of the eleven UN employes who invoked the Fifth Amendment, a story of irritation to the American people and embarrassment to its Government. It was one phase in the long search to find an equitable balance between national loyalties and international responsibilities.

Second thoughts on safe driving

The nationwide safe-driving campaign, aimed to make last Dec. 15 an object lesson in what careful driving can do to eliminate traffic accidents, was, to say the least, inconclusive. Highway deaths totaled 51, as compared with 60 on the same day the previous year. The number of injured was estimated at 1,785, as compared with 1,807 the year before. Those results were certainly not the hoped-for dramatic proof of what can be done by concentrated effort. After this relative failure of an intensive publicity effort, what can we do to reduce the high death and injury toll on the highways? Public education and vigorous enforcing of traffic laws should continue. Perhaps it is time, however, to take a closer look at the non-human factors in driving accidents—the car and the road. Wilfrid Owen, Brookings Institution transportation specialist, in the *New York Times* for Dec. 19, notes the heavy accent on speed by the automobile makers. "The trend is more than ever towards greater length, width and horsepower, and farther away from economy of operation or adaptability to the hard facts of crowded roads." Mr. Owen quotes the executive engineer of the Ford Engineering Staff as saying that he expects "someday" to see roads so designed that they will "steer the car if the driver has a momentary lapse." That "some day," however, is a good piece

off. In the meantime, since high speeding is the crucial element in serious accidents, it may become necessary to induce auto makers to cut down on the speed potential in future models. People with jet-compulsions should take to the air.

. . . limits of exhortations and intentions

The American people, not excluding President Eisenhower, might profitably reflect on the deeper implications of the relative flop of "Safe Driving Day." Human beings are extremely limited creatures. Especially in our fallen state, we are beset by the kinks and quirks of human frailty. "For I do not understand what I do," bemoaned St. Paul darkly, "for it is not what I wish that I do but what I hate, that I do." Daily experience confirms this inspired pronouncement of human fallibility. The old man who absently saunters out in front of an onrushing truck may have just come from the office of a doctor who told him he had cancer. A tired driver who reaches for the cigarette-lighter may be dwelling on the reasons why his boss has just fired him. These are mild forms of mental obsession. They cause accidents through inattention. If people had absolute mastery of their minds and bodies, jugglers would never bungle their acts. Baseball players would very seldom bobble a ball. . . Driving accidents *can* be reduced, without a doubt. Bad habits can, though with great difficulty, be replaced by good habits. But when the President insists, through what he terms his "tremendous conviction," that 160 million Americans can accomplish *anything* they put their minds to, we fear he is idealizing human nature. This is a rather dangerous business—and not only as applied to safe driving.

New Year's Resolution: No. 1

For all we know, the old custom of making New Year's resolutions—if it ever really existed—isn't even a gag anymore. But we do have a serious one to suggest, one hot off the griddle. It concerns the religious observance of Advent and Christmas. Surely, with the deluge of world communism menacing us, the least we Christians can do is to "be different" at this holy season. What about observing the Ember Days? It isn't very edifying, to say the least, for Catholics to violate even the relaxed law of fast and abstinence during Advent. How and when was your office Christmas party conducted? Christmastide runs through the Octave of the Feast of the Epiphany (Jan. 6-13). Non-Catholic employes might even prefer having the office party after New Year's. It would be worth suggesting, at any rate. Finally, did you send out Christian greeting cards this year, as more and more Christians are doing? Isn't it very odd that Catholics should still be using more or less pagan greeting cards for the Feast of Our Lord's Nativity? Very few AMERICANS, readers, we feel sure, do this. What our friends resolve to do, besides giving good example, is to give active impetus to the religious observance of all liturgical seasons.

WASHINGTON FRONT

On December 15, Secretary of Defense Wilson and his Assistant Secretary, Carter Burgess, unveiled for newsmen a preview of the proposals they will set before Congress on military manpower. After unsnarling the gobbledegook in which the proposals are wrapped, I seem to see that they come down to two.

All "fit" young men in the country are divided into two classes: those who volunteer after the age of 17½ and those who do not and are drafted. The first group, up to 100,000, will be exempt from the draft but must be trained immediately for six months. After that they will be in the Reserve for 8½ years, subject to call, and also to periodical training and refresher courses. The non-volunteers, and the volunteers not chosen, will be subject to Selective Service draft in the usual way. These will remain, after their two years' active service, in the Callable Reserve, as it is called, for six years more. Some other World War II and Korean veterans will also remain under call to active service. It may be noticed that being a Reservist would be compulsory, which it was not after World War II, except for those who served in G2 (military intelligence). This was because they knew secrets, and had to be watched.

Gen. George C. Marshall, in 1945, urged Universal Military Training (UMT). In its various forms, UMT was repeatedly rejected by Congress. The problem of the Defense Department was to get the same thing and call it by another name, the National Military Reserve. It looks to me as if they have at last done it.

What has been called "one of the greatest scandals in history" was the calling up of many thousands of World War veterans for the Korean War. I know one who fought four years in Europe, got two Purple Hearts, signed up for the Reserve, had a wife, home, and kids, was called up immediately, in a month was in the front lines, was hit in the spine, spent a year in a cast, and now, with a steel brace, is driving a taxi. I could tell of others, too.

I have been surprised to hear from college teachers that "most boys" would prefer the certainty of UMT to the present uneasy uncertainty, which, it seems, causes frustration and unrest, with the resultant neuroses of either listlessness or wild conduct. Also, that word "fit" causes trouble. It seems to mean fit for combat. Yet, in World War II, the ratio of non-combat to combat soldiers was 10-1 (now 6-1). Every boy knows dozens of others who were draft-exempt, yet could have served behind the lines or at home. UMT would settle this once for all: everybody would get some kind of service, unless, of course, he was insane, hopelessly ill or crippled. The present proposals think in categories of national defense, not in those of the individuals involved. WILFRID PARSONS

UNDERSCORINGS

In preparation for Catholic Press Month (February), the Catholic Press Association is distributing kits containing material and suggestions for programs suitable to the month. Various plans for press month, e.g., setting up a Catholic press exhibit or a parish magazine rack, are among the activities treated (\$1 from CPA, 150 E. 39th St., New York 16, N. Y.).

►The Sacred Heart Retreat House at Auriesville, N. Y., reports that the Marian Year was the best in the sixteen years during which retreats for priests have been given there. Twenty-seven retreats were given to 437 retreatants representing 51 dioceses and 25 religious orders and congregations.

►More than 67 tons of medical supplies were shipped during 1954 to 103 missionary organizations in 67 countries throughout the world by the Catholic Medical Mission Board, according to the annual report presented Dec. 18 by Rev. Edward F. Garesché, S.J., president and director of the board. The board, whose headquarters is at 8-10 West 17th St., New York 11, N. Y., expressed its appreciation of the contribution made by the pharmaceutical companies which supplied materials free or at very low cost. Another important contribution was that of the 500 Blue Cross Circles, founded by the board, whose members make clothing and bandages for the sick.

►"Mass communication in contemporary civilization," including the press, radio, movies and television, has been chosen as the theme of the 1955 Semaine Sociale of France, which will meet at Nancy, July 19-24. For details write the Secretariat, 16 rue du Plat, Lyon II, France.

►The first Pan-Asiatic seminar of Catholic university students met at Madras, India, Dec. 20, for a three-week session, according to an NC dispatch. The theme of the seminar is "Catholic Students and the Modern Transformation in Asian Universities." A message from the Holy Father was read to the delegates by Most Rev. Rayappan Ambrose, Coadjutor Archbishop of Pondicherry. Represented in the seminar were India, Pakistan, Burma, Ceylon, Malaya, Indonesia, China (Hong Kong), Japan, Iraq, Thailand and the Philippines.

►*Why I Became a Priest*, a 14-page booklet on vocations, by Rev. Patrick Peyton, C.S.C., founder of the Family Rosary crusade, has been published by the Pius Tenth Seminary, North Easton, Mass. It may be obtained by sending 10¢ to cover handling and mailing. . . . *The Wonder Worker*, a 32-page booklet outlining a "septenary," or seven days' public or private devotions, in honor of St. Peregrine, patron of those afflicted with cancer, has been published by the St. Peregrine Center, 3121 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 12, Ill. (20¢). C.K.

Artificial insemination

The morality of artificial insemination is in the news, owing to the December 13 decision of Judge Gibson E. Gorman in the Doornbos divorce suit in Chicago, which involved this medical practice. The judge ruled this method of enabling a wife to conceive offspring is "not contrary to public policy and good morals" if the donor is her husband (homologous insemination), but is contrary to both if the donor is a third person (heterologous insemination).

According to the NC News Service, the judge, who is a Catholic, declared: "This was strictly a legal decision covering the particular issues at hand. It was not affected by moral principles of my own." Even on merely legal grounds, his decision that heterologous artificial insemination constitutes adultery and renders the offspring illegitimate has raised quite a furor. It is estimated that the legal status of 50,000 children thus conceived would be affected if this ruling were generally followed.

The first moral question to arise concerns the duty of Catholic jurists in cases like the present one. Whoever is acquainted with Pope Pius XII's address of November 6, 1949 on "Duties of Catholic Jurists" will realize that "a judge cannot simply throw responsibility for his decision from his shoulders, causing it to fall on the law and its authors" (*Catholic Mind*, 1950, p. 57). We do not have the full text of the Doornbos decision. In any case, our purpose is not to sit in judgment upon any one jurist's conduct. It is merely to remind our readers that Catholic judges cannot follow the principles of legal positivism. For one thing, they must take care, as far as possible, to avoid giving public scandal.

The second moral question involves the ethics of artificial insemination itself. Catholic teaching on this subject is explicit. The present Holy Father expounded it in considerable detail in his September 29, 1949 address "To Catholic Doctors" and his October 29, 1951 address on "Apostolate of the Midwife" (*CM*, 1950, pp. 252-3; 1952, p. 61). On the earlier occasion he declared that "artificial insemination is not just something which must be regarded with extreme reserve, but must be totally rejected." He did "not necessarily proscribe," however, "the use of certain artificial methods intended either to facilitate the natural act" or to enable it "in a normal manner" to attain its natural end. This rules out any such thing as "test-tube babies."

In his later pronouncement, His Holiness spelled out why artificial insemination is against the natural law. The chief reason is that "the conjugal act is a personal action," by which marriage partners are made "in one flesh only." Artificial insemination distorts the process of procreation "into a mere biological laboratory." The Vicar of Christ "formally excluded" it from marriage. Whatever may be the various purely legal and medical aspects of this practice, the Catholic moral position on it is clear.

EDITORIALS

Moves toward freer trade

For the nation's hard-core of protectionists—among them some labor leaders as well as industrialists—this Christmas was not particularly merry. In two separate pre-holiday moves, President Eisenhower served notice that last year's Randall Commission report, with its recommendations for a more liberal tariff policy, remained his bible on foreign trade. On December 13, the Administration started hearings on a proposed reciprocal-trade pact with Japan. Four days later the President softened the impact of the Buy American Act on foreign businessmen.

The trade pact with Japan is an important part of the Administration's over-all plan for this country's security. That plan calls for keeping Japanese industrial capacity out of the hands of the Communists. The President knows that this can be done only by creating outlets for Japanese products in the markets of the free world. Without such outlets Japan, which must export to survive, will gravitate toward the Soviet orbit.

Prior to the hearings on this trade pact, 150 individuals, representing such industries as cotton textiles, pottery, leather gloves, mechanical pencils and electric-light bulbs, signified their desire to give oral testimony. This record-breaking outpouring was eloquent witness to the fear of Japanese competition which prevails in a number of U.S. industries. The President is quite well aware of these fears. He is also aware, however, of the danger of losing Japan as an ally of the free world.

The same concern for the nation's security motivated the President in relaxing the tight administration of the Buy American Act. This depression-born law gives a price preference over foreigners to U.S. bidders on Government contracts. It specifies that orders are to be given to American firms unless their quotations, compared with foreign bids, are "unreasonable." Heretofore, no American bid was deemed unreasonable unless it exceeded a foreign bid by anywhere between 25 and 35 per cent. Under the President's executive orders, Government agencies will hereafter consider a domestic bid to be unreasonable which is 6 to 10 per cent above a foreign bid. One effect of the new policy may be the dampening of foreign demands for wider trade with the Soviet Empire.

Though the President's program will bring hardships to individual businessmen and to small groups of workers, it is clearly in the public interest.

New policy for Vietnam

Though French Premier Mendès-France won his parliamentary vote of confidence on Indo-China policy on December 20, the results of the Big Three talks in Paris, which have set that policy, are not such as to inspire unwavering confidence in Vietnam's future. Over Premier Ngo Dinh Diem's protests we have scrapped the idea of building up a large military force in South Vietnam. The accent will now be on economic aid.

Economic help for South Vietnam is certainly necessary. But the decision to cut military aid to the struggling anti-Communist regime in the south—a flat reversal of our Korea policy—does seem ill-advised.

In spite of a known Communist military build-up in the north with Red Chinese connivance, which has become serious enough to alert the International Armistice Commission, we have decided to slice the native Vietnamese army in half. We have agreed to contribute but one-third of the \$300 million requested by France to support her military forces in South Vietnam, a decision which must result in a premature withdrawal of French troops from the area. As long as the Reds are strengthening their military position, the possibility of a Communist attack cannot be discounted, no matter how strongly we may feel we are settling down to "competitive coexistence" in Asia.

In short, our Asian military policy has swung a complete and baffling circle in the past two years. From deep involvement in Korea we moved to "withdrawal," a strategy epitomized by the infelicitous slogan, "equip Asians to fight Asians." Our present policy as announced at the end of the Paris talks has again become instant and massive "retaliation" by U. S. air and naval power, with all its implications of general war in Asia.

When Secretary Dulles first enunciated the "new look" military strategy, this Review questioned its applicability to Indo-China (2/27, p. 554). Less than six months later the doubts were verified when, despite our declaration at the height of the battle for Dien-bienphu that Indo-China could not be sacrificed, we were forced to stand by and witness the carving up of Vietnam on a Geneva conference table.

Whatever the reason for our inactivity then, our present de-emphasis on military aid for South Vietnam means that we are still placing our trust in a threat which is, in the light of our Geneva experience, of very doubtful effectiveness. Of course, now that "instant retaliation" has the backing of a formal Seato alliance, the mere enunciation of policy may possibly prove a greater deterrent to the Communists. We rather doubt it will.

The fact remains that at Paris we placed all the eggs of regional defense in Southeast Asia in the one basket of possible total war. Prudence would seem to demand another alternative—a strong Vietnamese army able to do more than stem the initial tide of a possible Communist onslaught.

Anti-Yankeeism in Latin America

Americans are genuinely surprised by the outbreaks of anti-Yankeeism which occur from time to time in Latin-American countries. A mere hint in the death note of former President Vargas of Brazil that big foreign interests had been against him was enough to inspire Brazilian mobs to attack the American Embassy. Whatever the event that fans it into flames, it seems that anti-Yankeeism sentiment is always smoldering just below the surface. This puzzles Americans, who see in themselves the good neighbor, the generous benefactor, responsible in the long run for the protection of the entire western hemisphere.

The reasons for anti-Yankeeism are doubtless complex. Some of its roots lie in history and some of it may well be compensation for Latin America's deep consciousness of technical and political inferiority. It is not necessary to make any very thorough search, however, to find one reason for mistrust. Latin America resents and fears a Yankee invasion of her culture and her religion. Latin Americans are proud of their ancient culture. They look upon the United States as aggressively eager to export not only its capitalism but its Protestant culture. Many of them seem quite unaware that the Catholic Church lives and flourishes in the United States.

Unfortunately, the tactics of some Protestant missionary groups—in Colombia, for instance—have served to strengthen that general fear and mistrust. When President Rojas Pinilla of Colombia said that his Government did not intend to tolerate proselytizing activities by Protestants, he expressed an attitude that has overwhelming support throughout Latin America.

An article which appeared recently in two of Rio de Janeiro's well-known newspapers, *Correio da Manhã* and *Jornal do Comércio*, bears out this resentment. The article, on "Good Neighbor Policy" by Rev. Arlindo Vieira, S.J., was subsequently reprinted in many papers throughout Brazil. The author, after expanding on the attitudes of Brazilians toward foreigners in general, adds:

Even Germans and Englishmen, if not liked, at least are not hated. How then explain the attitude of South Americans toward the Yankees? I do not hesitate to say that a great deal of this [dislike] is due to the number of despised preachers of various Protestant denominations who are causing discord among Catholics . . . When we think of the United States we think immediately of those disseminators of discord . . . The Germans and the Englishmen, more experienced and more prudent than the Americans, do not attempt to proselytize . . .

If some Americans find this analysis hard to understand, what does this prove except that they have failed to appreciate the outlook of those whom they are intent on helping—but really offend?

Ring out the old, ring in the new

Benjamin L. Masse

THE COUNTRY AS A WHOLE will close the books on 1954 with few regrets.

It was a year which saw joys and sorrows liberally mixed, as always happens in human affairs, but on balance the sorrows outweighed the joys.

American boys were not shooting and being shot at (except in a few cases when Soviet planes blasted peaceful U.S. aircraft from the skies), and that was something to be grateful for. But at the year's end, the cause of the free world, which is our cause, looked a little less promising than it had twelve months earlier. The settlement of stubborn disputes over Trieste, Iranian oil and the Suez Canal were overshadowed by the disaster in Indo-China and the collapse of American-backed plans for a united Europe. The fate of the substitute for the European Defense Community which was hammered out at the London and Paris conferences will not be known until well into 1955.

Here at home we enjoyed what some were satisfied to call "the second-best year in our history." According to over-all figures on production, employment and income, it was, indeed, our second-best peacetime year, ranking behind only 1953. These figures gave small comfort, however, to many of our people. Farm income was down appreciably and unemployment averaged more than three million. Several million other workers were employed only part-time and had to sweat out a drop in annual take-home pay. Business earnings were good and dividends excellent, but the picture was spotty. A number of big concerns did even better profitwise—helped by the expiration of the excess profits tax—than they did in 1953, and their showing disguised the bumpy road which many small concerns travelled. Business bankruptcies, while still low by older standards, hit a postwar high.

One group of Americans—investors in common stocks, especially in the "blue chips"—had real reason to cheer. Two months after the recession started in July, 1953, the unpredictable stock market started to rise. To the consternation of the "bears," it has been rising ever since. As this is being written, the level of stock prices stands somewhat above the fabulous peaks reached just before the crash in 1929. As if this were not reward enough for stockholders, Congress sweetened the pot by remitting part of the tax on dividend income. Though no figures are available, the suburban country clubs must have had a thriving year.

Will 1955 see a continuation of uneasy co-existence between the Communist and the free world, or will it bring war? The answer lies mostly, of course, with

What lies ahead in 1955? Is war in the cards, or peace? Prosperity or depression? Our associate editor, Fr. Masse, proceeds gingerly as he peers into the future. With domestic well-being so dependent on the state of world affairs, and with the state of world affairs so much at the mercy of the inscrutable men in the Kremlin, forecasting these days is a more than ordinarily precarious undertaking.

Moscow and Peiping. We of the free world can only hope and pray—and keep our powder dry. President Eisenhower seems confident that the Communists will not run the risk of an all-out war, even if the new European defense plan is ratified by Bonn and Paris and West Germany is rearmed. For that reason he intends to shift the emphasis in U.S. foreign-aid programs from the military to the economic, which is where it was before the Communists tried to grab South Korea. The main idea seems to be to check Communist subversion in Southeast Asia with American food, dollars and know-how.

For such a program the President can count on strong support from Congress. This was clear after his harmonious meeting on December 14 with congressional leaders of both parties. The Democratic majority in the 84th Congress will feel free to oppose Mr. Eisenhower on domestic policies, but beyond our shores American policy is to be really bipartisan. That in itself is a hopeful sign that our side in the cold war may do better in 1955 than it did last year.

In sharp contrast to the cloudy outlook in foreign affairs, the domestic prospect is fairly bright, much brighter, certainly, than it was a year ago. The Secretary of Commerce, Sinclair Weeks, probably reflected the thinking of most business groups when he told a New York audience on December 14 that 1955 would be better than 1954. Pressed by reporters, he refused to predict, however, that the new year would surpass record-breaking 1953.

BUSINESS OUTLOOK

The basis for the modest optimism in business circles seems fairly substantial. The Federal Government will spend approximately as much in 1955 as it did this year. Spending by State and local governments will be higher. It also appears that consumers will step up their outlays. The University of Michigan's survey of consumer intentions, released in October, indicated a more hopeful outlook than was evident a year earlier. A larger percentage of people thought that this was a favorable time to make major purchases. The third major factor in determining the level of economic activity—spending by business on new plant and equipment—offers a less rosy prospect. The McGraw-Hill Department of Economics reports that industry plans to spend about 5 per cent less in 1955 than it spent in 1954. But—and this is the important point—the indicated drop in business spending is more than offset by the prospective gain in consumer outlays and in spending by State and local governments.

Hence Mr. Weeks' forecast that 1955 will surpass 1954.

A few other straws in the wind. It looks as if the booming construction industry is going to continue booming throughout the new year. The Departments of Labor and Commerce, after a joint study, predict that construction activity will jump 7 per cent over 1954 and touch a new record of \$39.5 billion. Forecasts are being freely made that the steel industry will maintain its November rate of operations, which was 80.5 per cent of capacity, through at least the first quarter of 1955. The auto industry, which influences so many other industries, is headed for an excellent year. At least that is the opinion of Harlow Curtice, president of General Motors, who claims that the industry will produce 5.8 million cars in 1955. That would be 300,000 more than it turned out in 1954.

VOICES OF DOUBT

Nevertheless, in the chorus of voices chanting hopefully about 1955 prospects, even the untrained ear can detect some offkey notes. Many of those who agree with Secretary Weeks that the country has started to emerge from the recession, and that the slight improvement perceptible in the last quarter of 1954 will continue during the new year, refuse to share his satisfaction over the prospect. They insist on pointing out that if 1955 is only slightly better than 1954, the chances are that unemployment will push the 4-million mark. If the recovery fizzles, it might go to 5 million and beyond.

The reason for this apprehension is twofold: 1) every year the labor force grows by about 600,000 workers; 2) the productivity of the labor force increases at an annual rate of about 3 per cent, so that fewer workers are able to produce the same amount of goods. As a consequence, the economy must create about a million jobs every year just to prevent a rise in unemployment.

H. Christian Sonne, chairman of the National Planning Association's board of trustees, made this point effectively during the organization's recent two-day anniversary meeting in Washington. If the level of economic activity in 1955 remained at 1954 levels, he said, unemployment would rise from the present 4 to 5 per cent of the labor force to 7 or 8 per cent. Going along with those who anticipate a slightly better year in 1955, Mr. Sonne emphasized that the higher level would still be "substantially below that which we could and should attain with our increasing labor force and the constantly rising productivity of our plants and offices." Since organized labor heartily agrees with that reservation, it is not looking forward very buoyantly to what lies immediately ahead.

In more ways than one, 1955 will be a trying year for labor. The question of labor unity is scheduled to come to a head and must be settled one way or

another. The guaranteed annual wage will be tossed on the bargaining table when contracts expire with the major auto firms. Abuses of welfare funds, though not so widespread as is popularly believed, present a major challenge that must be met. Labor wants the unemployment-insurance system improved and the minimum wage raised, but the prospect that either reform will be accomplished is not promising. If the administration fights hard, however, on the minimum-wage issue, Congress might add 10 or 15 cents to the present rate of 75 cents an hour. But the demand for \$1.25 hasn't a chance. For the time being, organized labor has practically given up hope of any sweeping changes in the Taft-Hartley Act.

The outlook for the farmers is scarcely more sanguine. A combination of lower price supports and restrictions on planting and marketing indicates that farm income will continue its post-Korean slide. On the issue of sliding or fixed price supports farmers remain divided, with the American Farm Bureau Federation supporting Secretary Benson's sliding scale and the Farmers' Union opposed. Confronted with the problem of surpluses in a hungry world, farmers share with their fellow citizens a feeling that the last word on farm policy has yet been spoken. There is small reason to expect that it will be spoken in 1955.

The course of industrial relations is hard to predict. Much will depend on the auto industry, where the famous five-year contracts, pioneered by General Motors, expire in all the major concerns. Walter Reuther seems determined to win the guaranteed annual wage, even at the cost of a strike. Whether this demand can be headed off by liberalizing the unemployment-insurance system could easily be the biggest question in labor-management relations which 1955 will answer. Is there a parallel here with the pension issue? The private pension movement assumed such vast proportions partly because industry showed little interest, to put it conservatively, in liberalizing the Federal Old Age and Survivors Insurance System. Will its failure to work for more adequate unemployment insurance add fuel to the drive for guaranteed wages?

Finally, what is the prospect for an advance in that mutual respect and understanding which are essential to good industrial relations? So far as labor's responsibility for better relations goes, a good deal will hinge on current efforts to eliminate racketeering and restore a high moral tone throughout the movement. On the management side the critical test is right-to-work legislation. If business groups continue to sponsor laws of this kind, the atmosphere is bound to be heavy with suspicion and distrust. For right-to-work laws, which ban all forms of union security, are a vote of no-confidence in the labor movement.

During the war years, many of our people became



very conscious of the part which God should play in their lives. We knew that the event was in His hands. If, conscious of the peril in which we live and of the historic challenge it poses to our leadership, we were able to recapture that wartime spirit, we could breast the onrushing year with a courage that would surmount obstacles to progress at home and abroad. Ultimately, it is in these terms—in terms of prayer, humility and sacrifice—that we must go forward to meet 1955.

Catholic neglect of Russian studies

Peter Beach

AMERICAN CATHOLICS can be accused of inconsistency in their approach to Soviet Russia. While Catholics are in the forefront of those who insist on the reality of the Russian threat to this country, U. S. Catholic colleges and universities are failing to produce men qualified to interpret happenings in Soviet Russia and its satellites. Nor do our Catholic colleges encourage and prepare students for Soviet-orbit specialization on the graduate level. Trite as it may sound, knowledge is the indispensable weapon in our contest with Russia and her satellites, and Catholic institutions are playing only a minor role in the forging of the weapon.

Statistics bear out the conclusion. But before looking at them, let us first answer this question: what part do colleges and universities in general play in training Soviet-satellite experts? The answer is that they play an essential part. Let us consider only two reasons, among many, for this statement. First, the only place, practically speaking, where an American can learn Russian or another Slavic tongue is at a university or college.

The second reason concerns the *form* in which most details on events and trends in the Soviet-satellite area come to us. A major portion of the information we have on Soviet-satellite happenings is culled from official Communist sources: speeches of bigwigs at party congresses, official statistical reports (usable though incomplete), their own newspapers and radio broadcasts, etc. To tap these sources properly, a person should have the necessary tools at his disposal (*i.e.*, reading facility, at least in Russian, knowledge of research techniques), a store of facts to put happenings in their correct context and, last, the habits of work and the tenacity of the trained researcher.

Mr. Beach, a student of psychological warfare, studied in the International Relations Section of the Russian Institute at Columbia University.

RESEARCH

Now to the statistics. Two research lists published by the U. S. Department of State record Ph.D. theses in progress as of April, 1954, which deal with the USSR and Eastern Europe. They show that only two out of a total of 194 were being prepared at Catholic universities. The record is little better when we turn to the research lists of a year earlier. The lists of 1953, which included Ph.D. and M.A. theses completed (the great majority in the 1948-52 span), as well as in progress, credited Catholic institutions with 30 out of 383 theses on the USSR. Georgetown University had 20 of the 30. Fifteen of the 20 were M.A. papers. Out of 167 theses on Eastern Europe, both completed and in progress, Catholic schools were responsible for 14. Three of the 14 were "in progress."

An obvious objection is that Catholics transfer to non-Catholic schools when they specialize in Soviet-Eastern European affairs as graduate students. The possibility that many Catholic students so specialize is remote, however.

There are two ways in which students might be introduced to the field. First, by learning the fundamentals of Russian or some other Slavic tongue as undergraduates. Second, by having their interest stimulated in the area through special courses in Soviet (or Eastern European) history, economics, literature, or through catch-all survey courses.

The advantage of the first method is that it would give students the ability to conduct research on their own as graduate students, or at least allow them to concentrate on their discipline without the distraction of learning a new language. The advantage of the second is that it may focus the attention of the student with a general interest in history, say, on Russian history. Unless interest is aroused by some such means as these, students won't go into the field at all. What student is going to concentrate on French literature as a graduate student if he took no French-language courses as an undergraduate? What student would want to concentrate on French literature if his interest wasn't encouraged as an undergraduate? The questions answer themselves.

COLLEGE COURSES

What is the situation as far as Slavic studies are concerned in Catholic colleges for men? Six offer courses in Russian and/or another Slavic language. One of the six, however, did not list a faculty member who taught the course it offered. A phone call to another of the six colleges established that it had not taught Russian, the Slavic language it listed, for the past three semesters; not enough students wanted it.

Only two of the remaining four colleges gave courses complementing their language offering. One was on Soviet Russia and the Far East, the other on modern Russian literature.

The situation in the undergraduate schools of Catholic universities is hardly more attractive. Six offered

instruction in Russian and/or another Slavic tongue. One had discontinued its Slavic-language courses (there was quite an array of them) for lack of students. Another has scheduled no hours. One of the universities which had nothing to offer in the way of Slavic languages on the graduate or undergraduate levels did offer instruction in Old Irish, Middle Irish, Greek Dialects and the languages of the Algonquin tribes.

Fordham's Institute of Contemporary Russian Studies is unique among Catholic institutions in the number and variety of courses. Mostly an undergraduate program (with 67 students), it presently has only two M.A. theses in progress. To judge from the institute's prospectus, the reason is that it "is not in a position to offer scholarships or assistantships to qualified students." Foundations have not supported this project. This discourages students of things Slavic at the graduate level, where specialists are developed. Fordham has the facilities. What it needs is more graduate students.

One final gloomy word. The disproportion between Catholics and non-Catholics in the Soviet-Eastern European field will become greater with time. The reason is that non-Catholic institutions are feeding qualified teachers back into colleges and universities while Catholic universities obviously are not. These teachers will in turn produce more aspiring Soviet-Eastern European experts. This is in itself a good thing. We merely point out that it is happening.

Evidence suggests, however, that men are not going back to Catholic schools as Slavic instructors. The office of the National Catholic Welfare Conference in Washington, which runs a teachers' placement service, reports that it has never had a request from a Catholic institution for a Slavic instructor. What is more, the NCWC said that it has on file only one application from such a specialist.

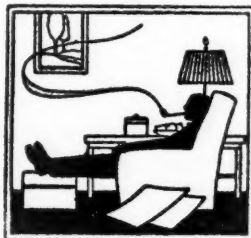
It is clear that if Catholic schools are to prepare students for specializing in Soviet-Eastern European affairs, school administrators must carry the ball. They might establish general courses in Russian-satellite affairs so as to stimulate the interest of students, whether they are economic majors, history majors, etc. Such courses do exist in Catholic colleges, though they are few enough. A Soviet expert might be invited to a school to speak, e.g., to an economics seminar. Students with a flair for languages could be encouraged to study Russian.

Scholarships might be set up by well-to-do Catholics to encourage specialization in Slavic studies. Study groups might be started to discuss and report on the wealth of material on Soviet-satellite affairs found in scholarly and semi-scholarly publications. The final result may be that Catholics will be channeled into a field which to date they have avoided with considerable skill.

One question remains: are there careers to be made in the field? There most certainly are. The Federal Government, from the Central Intelligence Agency to

the Library of Congress, hires men who are Soviet specialists pure and simple. News organizations certainly can use Soviet-satellite experts, though, of course, they must be journalists too. The Ford Foundation's findings regarding job opportunities for Soviet-orbit experts encouraged it to set up this year 40 scholarships and 20 fellowships to draw students into the field. Isn't it time, then, that Catholic educators faced the challenge squarely?

FEATURE "X"



"Colette Hunter," using a pen name, has been close enough to the harrowing problem of alcoholism in families to experience its spiritual tragedy. Perhaps her thoughts will help others to put up with it.

DEAR BOB: Where do we go from here? That's the proper cliché for now. Obviously—too obviously—your idea that you can take the occasional social drink doesn't work. The binge is on. What should I do?

I could rant and rage and weep and plead as I have done before. I could, meek and martyr-like, keep myself and the children out of your way. I could lock you out. I could pack up the kids and leave. I could match my wits against yours, watch your every movement, find your hiding places and pour the gin, dramatically, down the drain.

I could discuss quite logically how you really should go to the doctor, see the psychiatrist or have a chat with Father McMahon. I could talk about the wonderful work of Alcoholics Anonymous. But I have tried all these!

Sometimes I get half-crazy new ideas. Suppose I took a movie of you, as you are during your binge—or maybe just a recording.

The movie would show the way you slopped your food at table last night, how the peas went rolling, would show the part-mocking, part-fearful expressions of the children. (They understand, and at they don't really.) The movie would show a close-up of your unshaven face, the unsteady, zig-zag look of hate, hate of something, someone or yourself—who knows?

The recording would pick up the slurred speech, a sentence said over and over because you couldn't quite get the next one out; the snarl at the children because they stood pathetically quizzical and didn't obey; your dog-whimper when, near to tears, I demanded that you leave the table; the stumbling on the stairs; the fumbling in your hiding place for the bottle.

The noises sometimes are the most fearful thing to me, especially the ones that come in the night—the sounds that come out of your tossing sleep; or the clumsy midnight gropings; the horrible sound of the drinking glass shattering on the tile floor of the bathroom, and then your mutterings as you vaguely pick up some of the fragments.

But the glass is a wideawake sound. "Someone will be cut," I think imperatively. I must quickly pick the broken glass up before one of the children walks sleepily into danger.

How I hate you then! You want to kill yourself and us, I think. Then I am ashamed because—is there ever an excuse for hate? When I think I must love you, as I do at normal times, I keep racking my brain for some way I can help. But this is pity, and I pity the children more (myself, too, really). Pity fights pity.

My mind, a modernistic carousel, goes round and round. I feel sick; my stomach retches; my mouth parches; my hands shake and I think I'm drunk, too. Yet, I still can't comprehend love and charity. "Love your neighbor. Love your enemies. Love those that hate you" (you hate me when I try to help) . . . just words, words, empty words.

Then I remember that the first commandment is

"Love God." The rest follow. I can't pray. But then I try, and I do. I pray and I pray that you can pray.

What is the catechism definition of prayer? Anyway I just sort of concentrate on loving God, trying not to complain to Him, trying to forget pettiness. Then it dawns on me that I should seek after some perfection for myself, instead of trying to force perfection on you.

Letting myself turn into an old shrew can't do any good. There must be some happy medium between the silent martyr and the scolding shrew. There must be some kind of self-respecting peace of mind to achieve for myself, something between the Pollyanna and the pessimist. I'm sure there is.

I resolve not to listen to other people, or my heart, when they say "There is no hope for the alcoholic—no sure cure." I will not drug myself with hopeless thoughts. I will try to develop patience and understanding.

I will trust in God. I will believe that He will take us both by the hand. Someday, both of us together, will see the shining light that sometimes, sometimes, just for a tiny moment, breaks into the mind—the light that like my vacuum cleaner reaches into the dark corners of the mind and sucks up the dirt and the grey, fuzzy dust-balls of fear—the God-sent light of hope, belief and love. Your BERRY

The following piece by Rev. Leo L. Ward, C.S.C., was discovered among his papers after his death. It is the manuscript of the address he gave to the Notre Dame Writers' Conference on June 25, 1952. We are privileged to publish it, not only as a tribute to a great teacher and inspirer in the field of creative English, but for its intrinsic merit as a cogent description of the "Catholic writer." It is prefaced by the obituary notice which Richard Sullivan, of the Notre Dame English faculty, wrote for the Notre Dame Alumnus.

About eleven o'clock on the night of Wednesday, January 21, 1953, Father Leo L. Ward, C.S.C., died of a heart attack. Two weeks before, on the Feast of Epiphany, he had celebrated his fifty-fifth birthday.

The Epiphany now seems a particularly appropriate day for him to have been born on. It is the feast of the showing-forth of Christ, the day of the manifestation of God incarnate among men. And in Father Ward's life—though every last person who knew him will realize how instantly and adroitly and wittily and honestly he would have rejected any such suggestion as pretentious—there was a clear and immediate showing-forth of Christ-formed humanity, a manifestation of Christlike priestliness.

He was born in Otterbein, Indiana. He was ordained a priest in 1927. He spent the academic year of 1930-31 studying at Oxford. For seventeen years he was head of the Department of English at the University of Notre Dame. He collaborated with John T. Frederick of the same department on a pair of remarkably fine textbooks. He also edited a collection of Newman's discourses. In the late 1920's he wrote

LITERATURE AND ARTS

a succession of short stories that led to his being emphatically acclaimed as one of the most promising young American writers of fiction.

Later, Father Ward pretty much stopped writing stories. The intense energy—so quiet and controlled that it was deceptive—and the high talent, the sensitivity and the wisdom and the constant marvelous feeling for fun, all started going into the direction of the department, and into the personal relationships, into the long or short private conferences and visits and phone talks and moments outside the classroom with this one here and that one there. Literally hundreds were his beneficiaries. Not just people here at Notre Dame. People everywhere, wherever he went and talked and was. Yet here most of all.

Father Ward had a way of bringing people out and up. In his presence you knew secretly that you were better than yourself. You were wiser and wittier and gentler and finer than you had it in you to be. He not only radiated goodness: he engendered it.

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Leo L. W

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But there was nothing solemn about him, no show or fuss. Everything was diffident, gracious and quiet. Some people thought him shy. Really he was sly: sly and kind. He was as sly in his generosity as he was kind in his joking. A generous joker, he slyly and kindly made private fun even of the pain which he knew intimately for quite a long while. In his lecture on "Catholicism and the Writer" he referred to leg-pulling as a "mischievous Christian virtue." It was one which all his life, along with a number of higher virtues, he practised heroically.

He was buried on Saturday, January 24, in the community cemetery at Notre Dame. At the Mass in Sacred Heart church there were a good many people, from a good many places. The general feeling was not at all one of darkness and desolation. It was rather one of poignant pride, as at some triumphant consummation. Nobody who knew Father Ward could feel any other way. In the big church and at the cold cemetery everybody seemed to know that he was now, of course, where he belonged. "He's made it," said one of his more colloquial friends that dark cold morning: implying rightly that where he now is he will in his swift bright soul be remembering our present needs and our awareness of a gap in the daily texture. "Let the cymbals clash," said one of his eldest friends. Another one said, simply and finally: "Already he has seen God."

Catholicism and the writer

Leo L. Ward

One of the most accurate and realistic definitions of Notre Dame that I have come across is that it is a place where you had better be sure to keep your shoes tied, because somebody is always ready to give you a gentle but effective leg-pulling. Some of my benign confrères—Messrs. Hasley, Frederick, Sullivan and Nims—are capable, let me warn you, of this very mischievous Christian virtue. In other words, in appearing before you this evening, I feel as though I am the victim of a very genteel frame-up. These very fine gentlemen, while working out the details of the conference, have indulged in a highly refined form of flattery. In assigning my subject and my title, "Catholicism and the Writer," I need not tell you that they have handed me a difficult problem, and one that is very confused by the endless discussion which it has provoked—an old potato that is already badly over-boiled. If I burn my fingers a little, I know you will be more sympathetic than hostile.

I shall not try to give you any easy, pat answer to the question, for I am quite sure that there is no such

answer. I shall only try to suggest certain considerations which seem to be central in talking about "Catholicism and the Writer," and I shall be especially concerned in drawing out from you, in free discussion, just a little later, fuller and clearer notions regarding this extremely difficult, but also extremely challenging, subject.

There are several valid approaches, I suppose, to the question of "Catholicism and the Writer," or "Catholic Writing," or the "Catholic Writer." Let me begin by considering the word "writer" in a rather strict and narrow sense. If he is anything, a writer is a skilled workman, the master of an art, no less truly than the musician, the sculptor, the bricklayer, the cobbler, the carpenter or the mechanic. The writer is skilled in the arts of language, and this consideration leads us immediately to a few rather troublesome questions.

Have you ever heard of a Catholic grammar, of a Catholic logic? Grammar and logic are arts, of course. Can you tell me why a Catholic stonemason should be expected to cut out an ornamental cornice by any method sharply distinguishable as a peculiarly Catholic kind of stone-cutting? Is there any special movement that marks off the back-swing of a Catholic golfer? Does a Catholic sculptor or painter determine perspective or achieve his color tones by any special Catholic kind of skill? These questions suggest their own obvious answers. I do not need to stress the point that, taken in the strict sense of skill or art, it makes little sense to speak of "Catholic Writing" or of "Catholic literature."

Is the whole question of "Catholic Writing" or of the "Catholic Writer" just a specious Lollipop for pious people with no valid meaning for critical minds? It would seem so, if we take the word "writer" to mean strictly the skilled workman or artist. That is certainly what the writer is first of all, strictly and essentially. But accidentally, he happens to be also a man, a human being with all the potential nobility and grossness of our common human condition. Perhaps he is a shambling, careless, myopic, balding fellow who won't quite give up some quality of vision in his confused, wistful notions of what he was born to be and to do. Or—much more rarely—he may be a man of profound, controlled vision and the character and purpose which give sustained support to the skill that translates his vision into splendid patterns of firm, sharp words and images.

In other words, it is the man and not the artist who determines the quality and depth and significance of what is said, the vision of life which is represented in words. The skilled workman, the master of words, the artist can only express what the heart knows, what the man has experienced or can experience vicariously, the wisdom with which the whole person has comprehended our human condition, our lot and our destiny. These two sources from which writing proceeds—the artist and the man—are distinct in principle, but in practice, in the concrete reality, in the creation of a

poem, a novel, a play, they are inseparable. That is why, when the man is at once thoroughly artistic and wholly Catholic, we are justified in calling him a Catholic writer. That is, when the writer is at once a truly skilled master of language and a man whose vision is by a fundamental living habit lighted and penetrated by the meaning of his Catholic faith, then his poem or novel or play can be called Catholic. We can speak of Catholic literature wisely, and know clearly what we mean, only if we remember that it is not the art or skill that makes a novel Catholic, but the heart and the life of the man who writes it.

We are now faced with the question of what a Catholic really is. I shall not try to provide a comprehensive definition, I assure you. I shall be quite content to point up two characteristic aspects of Catholicism which seem to have special relevance for our general question. Catholicism seems to me to be especially or even peculiarly marked by two habits of mind: a sacramental and a sacrificial habit of mind, and both are inseparably united.

In the Church's liturgy and worship both sacrament and sacrifice are indispensable. By sacraments—by sacred things uplifted from the earth, like water and oil and wheat and wine—the Catholic is born and confirmed in the life of Christ; by sacraments he is cleansed and fed; by sacraments his human love is made a sacred bond, and his hands are anointed for the needs of men, and his death becomes still another birth in God. The sacraments are not an arbitrary set of moral aids and memorials. They actually supply the marrow and blood of a new life in Christ. And for the deeply Catholic person, they become indispensable, even instinctive in his way of thinking not only about the Church's sacramental system itself, but also about all things—man and the earth and the universe.

Everything takes on some aspect, if not the true and specific character, of a sacrament. All things are not only signs of God; they are steeped in His holiness by the very fact that they have their being. This is the sacramental aspect of the world in which the Catholic lives.

But Catholicism is marked, as I have said, by another aspect of special importance in any discussion of our question. Christ's life was one of utter sacrifice, ending on the Cross. The Cross has been the special and pre-eminent symbol of Catholicism. And the Mass—the unbloody sacrifice of the Cross—has always been central in Catholic worship. The shadow of the Cross lies over all things Catholic, and it is that shadow which makes bearable all other shadows.

But darkness and pain are not the primary or central note of sacrifice; they are not even essential. Sacrifice consists essentially in an offering, an oblation. That we offer our gift to God and give with it something of ourselves—there is the main and indispensable element of sacrifice. To offer not only our sufferings, but our joys, our very lives, back to God; to give our gift up to Him really, to keep none of it privately

for ourselves alone—this is a Christlike attitude which, I think, is of the genius of Catholicism, and which I have called the sacrificial habit of mind.

For the writer, this will appear not in any particular technique, but in his spirit and attitude. Nothing of the writer, as a private profiteer, or entrepreneur, remains in his work; it is a pure, if imperfect, gift, because it belongs to God. No artistic arrogance or fastidiousness or false, selfish anxiety or wilful private purpose appears, because his work is a holocaust, a burnt offering which reflects the face of Christ and is, always, the product of a sacrificial habit of mind.

But I have said that the sacramental and the sacrificial habits of mind are inseparable in the truly Catholic writer. Perhaps this can be put concisely by saying that for the Catholic mind all things of earth and sky are not only signs of God, steeped in His holiness, simply because they have their being; but also, and especially, they await the priestly action of man's mind and heart which alone can offer them back, as pure gifts, as burnt offerings, to God—to "beauty's self, and beauty's giver."

I would call your attention here to Gerard Manley Hopkins' "The Leaden Echo and the Golden Echo," a poem which, for me, if it is not one of the greatest of modern poems, provides one of the most satisfactory poetic statements of almost everything I have been saying about the sacramental and sacrificial habits of mind. Hopkins found the answer, it seems to me, to the question which haunted Keats and which has tormented many modern poets. Beauty cannot be preserved in any house built with hands. We cannot keep the fragile loveliness of life or of art for ourselves, in the fickle vessel of the human heart. We must give it away, we must give it up, we must offer it back to God. Only in Him can we securely possess it with no fear that it will ever taste of the bitter ashes to which all lovely human things are destined to return.

After Christmas

Always after Christmas I lonely walk
Down lonely streets when all our holiday lights
Are gradually put out, and all the sights
And sounds of love have run down like a clock;

Time was when streets were green with holly cheer,
And childrens' voices rang like tinkling bells—
Now not a single street I walk but tells
Me there is nothing, there is nothing here;

The trees we loved are thrown into the barrel,
A string of tinsel sheds its tentative light,
The radio has sponsored the very last carol,
And nothing shines, and nothing new is bright—

O what are gifts, my Lord, if none can see
The manifest light of Your Epiphany!

THOMAS P. McDONNELL

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Utterly human document

HADRIAN'S MEMOIRS

By Marguerite Yourcenar. Farrar, Straus & Young. 313p. \$4

It must be a shattering experience to fall in love with a man who died in 138 A.D. But whatever the psychologists may think, the result in Miss Marguerite Yourcenar's case is the extremely beautiful and poignant *Hadrian's Memoirs*, a novel conceived in the form of an autobiography.

Part of the fascination of the book—and undoubtedly the reason why it won the Prix Femina in 1952—is the exciting way in which Miss Yourcenar has recreated her central character, the emperor Hadrian. It is as if she had lived in the Rome of his day, followed his grand tours throughout the Roman empire, sailed his ships, touched his coins, eaten at his table. If sheer imaginative reconstruction is desired, *Hadrian's Memoirs* is one of the finest pieces of historical fiction I know of.

At the same time I must confess that I was bored with the frequent pages of introspective analysis more suited to the modern French existentialist than the Roman emperor. When Hadrian begins to probe the reasons why he acts or loves or hates, his choices and his rationalizations, I think I can detect overtones of Jean-Paul Sartre and Simone de Beauvoir, but, at this remove, it leaves me cold.

From the historical point of view, the book is almost flawless, and such imaginative inventions as it has are disarmingly justified in a very learned appendix. But when Miss Yourcenar tries to explain Hadrian's concept of his own divinity (and here I am, I know, treading on controversial ground), she becomes perfectly silly. Example:

... About this time I began to feel myself divine. Don't misunderstand me: I was still, and more than ever, the same man. ... At forty-eight I felt free of impatience, assured of myself, and as near perfection as my nature would permit, in fact, eternal. Please realize that all this was on the plane of the intellect; the delirium ... came later on. I was god, to put it simply, because I was man. The titles of divinity ... served only to proclaim what I had long since ascertained for myself.

Hadrian's accounts of his various amours are quite Gallic, but, it must be added, in very good taste. Miss Yourcenar is far more sympathetic to Hadrian than was his secretary, Suetonius. For she tries to penetrate the exterior of the whimsical, suspicious

neurotic, to find the man whose heart was broken at the death of his favorite, Antinous, the emperor who found the time from his legal business to write those pathetic verses:

Little soul, gentle and drifting,
guest and companion of my body,
now you will dwell below in palid places, stark and bare.

Miss Yourcenar's book, too, is somewhat bleak and pagan, but an utterly human document. The lover of Antinous has never enjoyed a more gracious epitaph.

HERBERT MUSURILLO

Welsh chanter's spell

QUITE EARLY ONE MORNING

By Dylan Thomas. New Directions. 240p. \$3.50

"The magic in a poem is always accidental," says Dylan Thomas in the chapter "On Poetry" in this magical little book. And the magic occurs frequently enough in Thomas' own poetry, despite the initial bafflement that much of his verse sets up for the reader, to establish him firmly as one of the great poets of our times. There is every evidence that the bafflement would have been less frequent and the magic more recurring had he lived beyond his brief thirty-nine years.

Whatever the place of magic in poetry, it is hard to grant that Thomas' magic in prose is accidental. He seems to be able to turn it on at will; it certainly sparkles and coruscates on almost every page of this truly delightful book, which is a collection of some of the broadcasts he did for the BBC. Would that we had a voice and a wit and a love for people like his coming to us over the American air waves!

Those who know—or know of—only Thomas' poetry will be amazed and rapt by his prose. If I were to say that he is drunk on language, it would convey the false impression that he uses words just for their own sake. This he does not do; there is always a good, sound, even peasant-earthly sense to all he says—but the language! It rolls and flickers and shouts and sings and cries out to be read aloud. This is particularly true of the pieces in the first part of the book, which deal with childhood in such wonderful pieces as "A Child's Christmas in Wales" and "Reminiscences of Childhood," and with a young man's impressions of town and country in "The Crumbs of One Man's Year" and "Return Journey."

A series of appreciations of various poets follows—such poets as Wilfrid Owen, W. H. Davies and Glyn Jones.

BOOKS

The whole is topped off by some satirical pieces and gargantuan leg-pulling, of which perhaps the adventures of a foreign lecturer in America, "A Visit to America," is the best.

Only long excerpts could give the tone and flavor of this remarkable thought and language. Since that is impossible here, I can only urge those who love our English tongue and would like to see afresh its flexibility and richness to read *Quite Early in the Morning*—preferably aloud to some small audience. If the audience begins as a captive one, its sense of captivity will soon and magically turn into a very willing and eager bondage.

HAROLD C. GARDINER

The ocean of air

SONG OF THE SKY

By Guy Murchie Jr. Houghton Mifflin. 438p. \$5

In *Song of the Sky* we have a fascinating account of man's adventures in exploring that ocean of "world-mothering" air we call our atmosphere. Written by a former newspaper correspondent who is also a specialist in ocean flying and an instructor in aerial navigation, this book gives every indication of becoming one of the classics of popular science of which Rachel Carson's book, *The Sea around Us*, was so splendid a prototype.

The present book tells a simple story very well: how the airplane finds its way through wind and cloud on wings of mystery. Woven into this story is an amazing wealth of factual information on the problems of long-range flight, the motion of air masses, the mysteries of the sonic barrier, aerial navigation, the dynamics of bird flight and the ways of the wind.

Song of the Sky is not a fancy title for a "super-textbook"; far from it. For Mr. Murchie is an artist with words and has succeeded in cutting through masses of technical data by an expert use of examples and analogies to unfold for his readers the wondrous secrets of flight.

If at times Mr. Murchie seems to be straining his keen imagination and his talent for prose-poetry (and there are a few passages in this book which give evidence of some excess in this regard), we must remember that the avenues and arenas of nature aloft to which he is introducing us have only

in very recent years been opened to investigation.

We should all be grateful that our guide into this strange new world of air has been able to translate the facts of charts, figures and formulae into clear and understandable language which proclaims at once man's ability to comprehend his surroundings and the author's reverence for the magnificently harmonious work of an all-wise God.

The fine drawings which illustrate the text indicate that Mr. Murchie's artistry is multi-dimensional. An enormous amount of detailed sketching must have gone into the preparation of these illustrations. As a result, their apt illumination of the text goes far in enhancing the total impression on the reader. His graphs and maps are simply drawn, carefully labeled and always to the point. The casual and often amusing colophons used to separate the various sections of the text and the large drawings which make up the inside covers of the book show that *Song of the Sky* was much more than just another book for Guy Murchie; it must indeed have been a labor of love.

MARTIN F. MCCARTHY

THE END OF TIME

By Joseph Pieper. Pantheon. 157p. \$2.75

THE LIE ABOUT THE WEST

By Douglas Jerrold. Sheed & Ward. 85p. \$1.75

In such days as these, men are more conscious of history than they used to be in other, more peaceful periods. It is, as Joseph Pieper makes us aware, not so much of the past itself, nor merely that which actually happened, but rather the meaning over and above the factual which attracts our attention. A certain number of historians and philosophers have recently tried to quench this thirst for the understanding of the meaning of history.

Thus Prof. Arnold J. Toynbee attempted to do so in a series of lectures which were first read to the listeners of the British Broadcasting Corporation and then published in the form of a book entitled *The World and the West*. His very peculiar attempt was described by the present reviewer (Am. 5/2/53) as "just another testimony to the vainglory of the theorizing of scholars who have denied the unity of history as a drama and treated it as a mere object of science."

Sheed & Ward now make available to the American reader a brief but

thorough study of Toynbee's opinions concerning the imminent clash between the East and the West, written by Douglas Jerrold, a British essayist and historian.

No more timely publication has appeared on the autumn list of books. *The Lie about the West* should be widely read and used to combat the Toynbeean agnosticism. Nowhere has it been better and more accurately demonstrated that Toynbee's refusal to recognize the eternal values of the Christian tradition is rooted in ignorance. Mr. Jerrold goes so far as to call this ignorance a "lie."

Josef Pieper's little treatise on *The End of Time* deals with the same subject, but in an even more comprehensive way and, at the same time, revives powerfully the ageless wisdom of the Christian tradition. When the learned diatribes of the day are shelved, this book will be kept at hand by all those who cherish deep thought expressed in lucid, precise language.

Mr. Pieper discusses the four last things, the great expectation of every man, in a way which bears on the most immediate problems of our generation. And, what should be most appreciated, he discusses them with a courage rare in our day—taking into consideration not only the happenings of the past but also prophecy, and not only the everyday experiences of man, but also the tradition which has come down from a divine source.

There are a few digressions in this priceless little work which at first sight may appear superfluous. But when the reader is through with the last page, he realizes that even the detailed descriptions of the growth of Kant's or Fichte's ideas concerning the meaning of history and progress have their deep significance for the student of our modern illusions.

Toynbee's failure to uphold our loyalty to the only civilization built on the rights of the human personality demonstrates clearly not only the devious, uncritical character of his thought, but also the inescapable conclusion—as Mr. Pieper calls it—that "without a return to revealed truth it is impossible not only to philosophize about history, but even to live in the area of real history." Few readers of Mr. Pieper's highly condensed and yet so lucid pages will hesitate to agree with this affirmation.

BOHDAN CHUDOBÄ

THE MAGNIFICENT MITSCHER

By Theodore Taylor. Norton. 364p. \$5

One of the mental images sure to stand out in the memory of anyone who served with Task Force 58 in the Pa-

cific during World War II is that of a wizened, khaki-clad figure wearing a longpeaked cap riding backwards in a swivel chair on an aircraft carrier's flag bridge. Just which carrier this happened to be depended upon the progress of the war, but the identity of the man was never in doubt. It was Vice Adm. Marc A. Mitscher, U.S.N.—one of the most competent, humane and best-loved of our wartime brass.

It is this courageous fighter whose biography has now been written by fellow officer Theodore Taylor. Mr. Taylor did not have an easy job, for the taciturn, publicity-shy Mitscher left behind practically no personal papers. It is largely from the recollections of his family and professional associates, augmented by the Navy Department's official files, that this portrait has been assembled. Despite these disadvantages Mr. Taylor makes the full flavor of the man come through.

Adm. Mitscher's naval career did not begin auspiciously. Never a brilliant student, he bilged out of the Naval Academy in his second year and was obliged to start again as a plebe. When he graduated in 1910 he was only a few places away from "anchor man" in his class. But once on active duty, his natural qualities of determination and leadership impressed his superiors and he advanced rapidly in rank. He received his wings in 1916, one of the real pioneers of naval aviation. In 1919 he participated in the first transatlantic flight in a Navy flying boat, and later was a test pilot aboard the first U. S. aircraft carrier, the *Langley*.

It was World War II, however, that brought Adm. Mitscher into the spotlight. To this phase of the admiral's career Mr. Taylor devotes more than half his book. As skipper of the newly commissioned *Hornet*, one of Mitscher's first assignments was to take Jimmy Doolittle and fifteen Army B-25's within striking distance of Tokyo for the famous "Shangri-La" raid. Later as a flag officer under Halsey and Spruance in command of the fast-carrier striking force in the Pacific, he opened up a whole new concept of air-sea warfare, and participated in every major naval action with the exception of Coral Sea.

Mitscher was the complete air admiral, with a concern for his pilots that became legendary and a natural genius for the operation of carrier task forces.

After the war ended Mitscher was made a four-star admiral and was offered by Secretary Forrestal (but declined) the post of Chief of Naval Operations. When he died of a heart attack in 1947, he was physically exhausted and looked considerably older than his sixty years.

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There are times in this book when author Taylor's admiration for his subject causes him to overlook or palliate some of Mitscher's mistakes—or to attribute to him (as in the chapters on Leyte Gulf) more foresight than he actually possessed. The overabundance of anecdote may also exasperate some readers, but there can be no quibbling with the fact that here is a fine, full-blooded portrait of a dedicated fighter who in a very real sense gave his life for his country.

JOHN M. CONNOLLE

REV. HERBERT MUSURILLO, S.J., professor of classics at St. Andrew-on-Hudson, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., is author of *The Acts of the Pagan Martyrs* (Oxford: Clarendon Press), which deals with the period portrayed in the book under review.

THE WORD

When eight days had passed, and the Boy must be circumcised, He was called Jesus, the name which the angel had given Him before ever He was conceived in the womb (Luke 2:21; Gospel for Feast of the Circumcision).

Of the four inspired evangelists who have carefully recorded for our limitless advantage the best of all good news, St. Luke is the one who tells us of the ritual circumcision of the Infant Saviour, and St. John is the one who obliquely and, as it were, unconsciously explains that event or mystery to us.

The Gospel of St. John, which nowhere mentions the infancy of our Lord, presents Christ Jesus first as the timeless, pre-existent Word of God (*At the beginning of time the Word already was*), next as God become truly man (*And the Word was made flesh, and came to dwell among us*), then as the universal and wholly efficacious Victim for sin (*Look, this is the Lamb of God; look, this is He who takes away the sin of the world*). The second and third of these declarations or dogmas contained in John's teaching are demonstrated by the circumcision.

The most direct doctrinal implication of the circumcision of our Lord is the dogma of the complete reality of Christ's humanity. There is a common type of heretic, earthy, forthright

and frequently quite sincere, who finds it extraordinarily difficult to believe that Mary's Son is actually God. Higher considerations apart, certain natural or psychological factors may go far to explain this possibly earnest and certainly doubtful fellow. For example, he may, in general, be none too clear in his own mind about who or what God is.

Contrariwise, there have been in the past and very definitely are in the present heretics of a much more subtle and fastidious turn who are shocked by the idea that God should actually stoop down to become such a clod as we know man to be. For such delicate and discriminating souls the religious proposal that goes by the name of the Incarnation is not only intrinsically preposterous, but is ultimately an unworthy and degrading notion. At best, or at worst, the most high God, if He did come among us, made His brief visitation after the manner of Jove and Apollo in the earlier myths: wearing a temporary and unreal disguise of male humanity.

To all such exalted theorizing, the circumcision of the Word and Son of God puts a very sharp stop. The body that the Second Person of the blessed Trinity took to Himself was a real body. It was a human body. It was a male body. The Incarnation is shocking. And so loving; so full of love.

In the circumcision, also, the little Son of God made His first experimental acquaintance with keen, concrete, specific and undeniable human pain. It was in the rite of circumcision that Christ shed the first drops of His real and most precious blood. Fittingly, in return for pain and blood the Son of Mary receives His name. He is called Jesus, which means simply *Saviour*, and was not an uncommon name. Nevertheless, both Matthew and Luke carefully point out that this name, which will prove to be the name above all names, was divinely chosen for the Incarnate Word before ever He was conceived in Mary's womb.

That is to say: At the circumcision, only a short week after His birth, Christ our Lord at once begins to play His costly part and discharge His sacred task as Victim for the sins of mankind. The little Lamb of God is, so to speak, sampled or tested for the sacrifice that is to be. The holocaust is not yet, but it will come. This Child will yet live up most fully to the holy name which now He wins, the beautiful name that He buys with a quick tremor of His small body, a tender cry and brief tears, which Mary, with astonishing pain in her heart, swiftly wipes away.

VINCENT P. MCCORRY, S.J.



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THEATRE

LUNATICS AND LOVERS, by Sidney Kingsley, may catapult the author into a higher income bracket but it will hardly enhance his prestige as a dramatist. Presented at the Broadhurst by M. Kirshner, the production has a rather remarkably contrived set by Frederick Fox that shows a three-room hotel suite and part of a corridor without any appearance of crowding.

Starred as a boozy ex-judge, Dennis King is ably supported by such veteran troupers as Sheila Bond, Vicki Cummings, Arthur O'Connell and Nat Cantor, representing a motley of picaresque characters. No attempt will be made here to describe the interests and activities of these trollops, touts and other tarnished characters, because the space can be used for a better purpose lower in the column.

It is regrettable that so much superior acting has been devoted to the schemes of tarts, punks and profligates. While the farce closes on a superficially moral note, it is only after the characters have made a long detour through the sewer.

WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION, Agatha Christie's crime drama imported from London, where it is a popular hit, is more than likely to repeat its success over here, reimbursing Gilbert Miller for the losses he sustained by his premature withdrawal of *The Living Room*. Associated with Peter Saunders, Mr. Miller has installed the production at the Henry Miller Theatre, where it is presented by a crack spit-and-polish cast, expertly directed by Robert Lewis.

The action occurs in London, where a penurious young man is arrested for the murder of a middle-aged lady with whom, in the normal meaning of the word, he has been on intimate terms. A web of circumstantial evidence quickly enmeshes him, and his case is not helped when it is discovered that the deceased has made him the principal beneficiary of her will. His defense is undertaken by a prominent barrister, which gives Francis L. Sullivan an opportunity to render the most brilliant courtroom performance in your reviewer's memory.

This British actor is an elephant of a man whose mind has the agility of a hummingbird, or so it seems as he sputters Miss Christie's lines. In most scenes he dominates the play like a colossus. He is capably supported by

conscientious performers who handle their roles as if they actually were in Old Bailey, where a man's life is at stake, instead of in a Broadway theatre.

Miss Christie is an old hand at manufacturing murder mysteries, but in this one she is not quite honest with her audience. There is a note in the playbill which reads: "The audience is requested not to divulge the solution of the plot to those who have not seen the play." Even without the admonition, this observer would not be disposed to reveal the solution.

He does not feel bound, however, to conceal his own emotional response. Miss Christie's suspense gets off to a fast start and rapidly accelerates until the closing scene. Then Miss Christie starts playing tricks on the audience and her play, by springing several "surprises." The result, so far as one theatregoer is concerned, is like a tumbler of magnesium sulphate immediately after dinner. *Witness for the Prosecution* will not be included in his fond memories of grand thrillers, along with *Chicago* and *The Trial of Mary Dugan*. THEOPHILUS LEWIS

FILMS

THE 10 BEST OF 1954 (in response to absolutely no requests):

On the Waterfront (Columbia)
Diary of a Country Priest (Brandon French)
Romeo and Juliet (United Artists) Anglo-Italian
The Country Girl (Paramount)
Night People (20th Century-Fox)
Executive Suite (MGM)
The Little Kidnapers (United Artists) British
Rear Window (Paramount)
The Detective (Columbia) British
The Caine Mutiny (Columbia)

THE COUNTRY GIRL, its supplementary virtues and demerits aside, is a good, strong adult drama, the like of which does not very often find its way to the screen.

Storywise it concerns the rehabilitation of an alcoholic, has-been Broadway star (Bing Crosby), who is given a second chance in the shape of the lead in a new musical play. Chiefly instrumental in this rehabilitation are his long-suffering wife (Grace Kelly) and the stage director (William Holden), who is willing to gamble on off-stage undependability for the sake of possible on-stage inspiration. In

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their own way both of them have faith in the man, but for much of the time their efforts are hopelessly at cross-purposes because of misapprehensions fostered by the actor himself and because of mutual antagonism which masks a strong mutual attraction.

It is quite easy to pick holes in the film. For example, playwright Clifford Odets and scenarist-director George Seaton between them have equipped the actor with a veritable Freudian casebook of alcoholic traits and symptoms and then have brought about his moment of truth a little too suddenly and completely. Again, while the picture's backstage atmosphere is convincingly authentic, it has the seemingly inevitable difficulty of making the play-within-a-play look like nothing but a "turkey," which it is not supposed to be. And though its characters do the virtuous thing edifyingly often, their motives never rise above the strictly secular.

Nevertheless, the film possesses to a rare degree the quality of human compassion and the capacity to move the onlooker. In addition, it is written with honesty and often with eloquence and is distinguished by high-calibre performances. For Bing Crosby to switch, at this stage of his career, to a part poles removed from his usual screen self required courage to undertake and unsuspected reservoirs of skill to carry off. (Paramount)

GREEN FIRE is the first dud along the path of Grace Kelly's virtually unparalleled rise to screen fame. It is not such a bad picture but only a beligerently undistinguished adult melodrama of the sort that every screen performer, with the exception up to now of the amazing Miss Kelly, has served time in.

By way of plot it is about a pair of raffish and greedy mining engineers (Stewart Granger, Paul Douglas) who stir up a lot of trouble digging for emeralds near the heroine's Colombian coffee plantation. It was photographed in Colombia in color and CinemaScope with quite impressive scenic results.

Its stock characters and complications include the heroine's weakling brother (John Ericson), who is killed in reel four, an elemental native bandit (Mervyn Vye), who starts throwing his weight around in reel six, and Granger's sudden onslaught of altruism in reel eight. The only imaginative touch is provided by costume-designer Helen Rose, who concocted for Miss Kelly a series of stunning outfits with a South American peasant motif. (MGM)

MOIRA WALSH

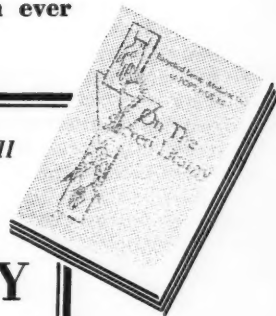
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Freer Trade for Japan

EDITOR: Congratulations on Fr. Kearney's article, "Japan: free-world responsibility," (AM. 11/20). It is time the American people woke up to the fact that our tariffs must be lowered if the economic and political welfare of the free world is to be maintained.

Although your article dealt mainly with Japan, it would seem that freer trade would strengthen the economy of all western Europe. These countries must export to survive. If they cannot sell their products here, they will most certainly sell them to countries in the Soviet bloc.

(MRS.) DAVID C. READ
Terre Haute, Ind.

Sentimental piety

EDITOR: That was a fine article by Mary Montgomery, "Devotions—by the gross" (AM. 11/8). So many Catholic homes and people see nothing but this inferior and vulgar art. The same applies to a lot of Catholic publishing. Little ones are started with prayer books that are cloyingly sentimental.

Stanford, Calif. W. B. READY

Vanishing Irish

EDITOR: That Rev. John A. O'Brien (AM. 11/6) should find my Sept. 25 article, "The Irish aren't 'vanishing,'" praiseworthy is gratifying. That he should feel that I and others (unnamed) would "bludgeon some inaccuracies into the status of facts" to discredit his book (*The Vanishing Irish*) is regrettable.

In his book, on page 13, Fr. O'Brien identifies himself with a statement by Rev. Patrick B. Noonan, C.S.Sp., one of the contributors to the volume. This statement (p. 43) is: "If the present rate of decline continues, they [the Irish] will be counted amongst the extinct peoples in less than a hundred years."

Fr. O'Brien now acknowledges that this statement is incorrect. He directs attention to a notably different statement in *The Vanishing Irish* which he considers the real thesis of the book. This sentence is: "If the past century's rate of decline continues for another century, the Irish will virtually disappear as a nation" (p. 3). The question in 1954, however, is not what happened in the 19th century, but what more recent trends in the population of Ireland offer in the way of future expectations.

Because of famine, crop failures and internal political troubles, the population of Ireland dropped sharply during the early part of the past census century. Ireland's population during the past 35 years or more, however, has undergone only relatively small changes. The actual trend of the

CORRESPONDENCE

Irish population from 1841 to 1951 shows a leveling-off tendency over the latter 35 years.

Some Irish demographers expect this leveling off to stabilize at a population of somewhat more than four million for all Ireland. Because this population trend is far from being approximately linear, any extrapolation based on the *average rate of decline over the past century* suffers from oversimplification.

Fr. O'Brien's claim that "We [the contributors to his book] engaged in no extrapolation of population trends" seems to be at odds with the thesis: "If the past century's rate of decline continues for another century, the Irish will virtually disappear as a nation." This statement is an extrapolation.

Fr. O'Brien's defense of his book makes it evident that we are agreed on many points, differ on some, but seek the same desirable ends—one of which is that the Irish *not* vanish.

(PROF.) ROBERT B. MORRISSEY
New York, N. Y.

EDITOR: I have been asked by the Irish Department of External Affairs to draw your attention to a reference made in your Nov. 6 issue by the Rev. John A. O'Brien to a letter written to him by this department. Fr. O'Brien's reference would seem to imply that the department had endorsed his views about the "slips" made by Dr. R. C. Geary in his criticisms of *The Vanishing Irish*. This is incorrect.

The department's letter was one offering Fr. O'Brien space to reply to Dr. Geary's criticisms and sending him the full text of these criticisms, while pointing out that certain abbreviated newspaper reports of Dr. Geary's lecture were "incomplete and in some ways misleading."

The full text of the lecture, as published in the Department's weekly *Bulletin* for March 29, 1954, and supplied to Fr. O'Brien, showed that there was, in fact, no foundation for the charges of inaccuracy made against Dr. Geary. He had correctly cited and completely refuted the theses about "the vanishing Irish" put forward by some of the contributors to Dr. O'Brien's anthology.

THOMAS WOODS
Information Division
Department of External Affairs
Dublin, Ireland

EDITOR: There are but slight differences between Dr. Morrissey and myself, and I fully agree with his concluding paragraph. Indeed, I thank him for his enlightening discussion and for the fine spirit pervading both his original article and his reply.

Mr. Woods mentions that he offered me (incidentally, in answer to my request) space to reply to Dr. Geary. But he does not mention the conditions under which he would permit me to reply.

Virtually an entire issue of his *Bulletin* was devoted to Dr. Geary's diatribe, which ran to about 3,372 words. My reply was not to "exceed five or six hundred words"—less than one-fifth the space accorded my opponent—and then Dr. Geary, I was informed, would be given space in the same issue, with no indication of any limitation of space, for further comment and criticism. No one with any self-respect could accept such preposterous conditions for a discussion.

Dr. Geary did not come within speaking distance of refuting any essential portion of our thesis. Indeed the voluminous report of the Government Commission on Emigration and Population, as the *Pilot* of Boston and the *Catholic Transcript* of Hartford pointed out, offers striking corroboration of our work. The latter entitled its editorial "Now It's Official."

All we ask is that each interested person read *The Vanishing Irish*, which perhaps should have been titled *The Multiplying Irish*, since it is designed to speed Ireland's growth into a great and populous nation. Each can then decide for himself as to its integrity, wisdom and devotion to the Irish both at home and abroad. We think he will echo the verdict of Ireland's greatest living playwright, Seán O'Casey: "*The Vanishing Irish* is the loudest, clearest and wisest call ever sounded to Ireland to wake up and lie dying and dreaming no more."

If, in seeking to sound that call, there was any slip, it was of the tongue and not of the heart. On a note of friendliness and of complete agreement that the Irish shall *not* vanish but shall multiply and fill the earth, and with a word of thanks to the editor for his patience and fairness, we end this discussion.

(REV.) JOHN A. O'BRIEN, Ph.D.
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